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THE WEALTH OF PATIENCE.

'How poor are they that have not patience!' This is one of those sayings given by Shakspeare to Iago, which shows that the poet thought better of the character than many of his readers. How vast are the intellectual resources, how great is the intellectual strength, which the dramatist attributes to this jealous and revengeful, but originally 'honest' man! It is a vulgar stage error to suppose that Iago's honesty was merely assumed. He had won his reputation fairly; Othello had had full experience of him; and it was this which justified that extreme confidence which the noble and unsuspecting Moor so fatally manifested. Here, however, lay the misfortune: Iago's honesty was of a worldly nature, and expected reward. Cassio had stepped in between the lieutenant and his hopes; and his expectations being disappointed, the motives of his conduct suffered mutation. Nevertheless, Iago could not part with all that was meritorious in him: much, indeed, survived. The 'learned spirit' which he brought to bear on 'all qualities of human dealings' yet was paramount, and ever and anon would break forth in such aphorisms as that which we have quoted. Some of them were strongly condemnatory of his own new plans of proceeding; yet (perverse infatuation!) while he remained true to them in the letter, he contrived to evade their legitimate application by force of that 'divinity of hell' which, for the nonce, he had invented, whereby truth itself might be perverted to evil uses. This very maxim we have quoted condemned him. The identical poverty which he spoke of was specifically that under which he was suffering—the want of patience. He could not tarry for his guerdon, but would snatch at once at the crown. Another competitor had gained it, and, instead of awaiting patiently a second chance, he chafed at delay. To hasten on the day of recompense, he sacrificed the labours of a life of service, its well-earned reputation, and the future fruits of its continuance. Had 'the ancient' not been naturally jealous, perhaps he had not been so easily soured; but this only serves to suggest that impatience has a cause more bitter than itself—that the poison-flower has a root, in which was concentrated the gall as an elementary particle, ultimately developed in pernicious fructification.

Why are we impatient? This, then, is an important inquiry. Impatience is but a superficial symptom of a more deeply-seated disease; it indicates a rebellious nature. Iago demands,

'What wound did ever heal but by degrees?'

The impatient man requires that it should heal at once. He insists on a miracle, as a special interference in his personal case; and thinks it only reasonable that, on his account, the laws of nature should be suspended. If

Providence will not so work for him, he forthwith undertakes to usurp its office, and so work for himself; setting aside the order of circumstance and duty, that he may constitute and begin a series of events that shall conduce speedily to his own private behoof. He never stays to question whether the good he proposes to himself be one probably in the estimation of Supreme Wisdom. He has been disappointed in his lieutenantcy; that is enough. To repair this loss, 'both the worlds he would give to negligence,' that he may have the satisfaction of trying, once for all, a desperate throw with fortune, even though he perish in the attempt. Better not to be at all, than to deserve, and not to possess, even for an instant. Have not, however, others suffered like delay? Let them, if they will, be contented fools; he will, at any rate, show more spirit, and estimate himself at his true worth.

'By the faith of man,
I know my price; I am worth no worse a place!'

and will not cease contriving until I get it; and let them who would oppose me look to the issues!

Iago, as we have said, could read this lesson to Rodrigo, but failed to apply it to himself. Such judicial blindness has only too frequent illustration. Would that each man might make the other a mirror to himself; or

'That some Power the gift would give us,
To see ourselves as others see us!'

To return. Among the chief arguments to patience, we reckon this one—that each man born into, has virtually sworn allegiance unto, nature and society. There may be much in both to displease and irk an ardent and sanguine temperament; but in this we should recognise the destiny of the race, or of a people, rather than of an individual. The laws and principles which regulate both are, in themselves, unalterable—they are the primary land-marks which no created intelligence or power can remove. We cannot, therefore, too soon declare our submission to these inevitable limitations, and learn therewith to be content. Content!—therein lies all true wealth.

'Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fennel, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.'

Thus also, to him who rebels against the barriers, as it were, of his being, wishing for more liberty than belongs to the human condition, this entire world of time itself is, as it was to Hamlet, 'a prison'; 'this goodly frame, the earth, a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, this brave overhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.' Nor is the speculation on which we now venture too refined in character for the popular mind in these days. The

tribe of Hamlets is on the increase. The general diffusion of literature has made even the crowd theoretical; and the thinking mind may be detected even in the lowest places of society. Well accordingly is it to guard right early against the diseases to which they are liable—such as were manifested in the mental constitution of a Byron and a Rousseau, so that much of the misery they suffered may be avoided by others. It is a mistake to suppose that any rank or station is free from it: hard work even will not take it out of a man; often, indeed, it embitters the melancholy impression. There are Wreters in humble as well as in high life; sentimentalists, in fact, in all classes, just as there are suicides among the rich and poor; and to both, the world is either a prison or a kingdom, according to the sanity or elevation of the mind that contemplates the creation, of which it is a part.

Such an idealist as we have described is indeed an irretrievable pauper: his case is hopeless, since there are no possible means of appeasing his discontent. Moreover, while his mind is perhaps dictating to the Author of the universe how it might have been better made, he is neglecting his own sublunary duties, and suffering ruin in his daily affairs.

* Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.*

In rendering in our allegiance, however, to the primary laws and principles which regulate, and perhaps constitute, nature and society, we must not be understood to mean that the truly patient man will be idly submissive to corrupt customs and bad governments. To reform these, indeed, may require all the patience that any man can possess, and circumstances of time and place may compel him to undertake the task as the continuous duty of his life. No other single virtue is so effective an instrument of reform as that of patience. Sudden outbreaks, strikes, and insurrections, only too often retard the improvements which they would indubitably advocate. Physical force is a bad argument; it knocks a man down, but leaves social evils erect; nay, frequently aggravates the mischief. Moral power, on the other hand, works gradually, and gains an impetus from persecution itself; it has all the right on its side, and wisely surrenders all the wrong to the enemy; conditions these which try the patience for a while, but insure a triumph in the end. Not only are the paths of wisdom those of peace, but the paths of peace are those of wisdom. Only in this way, for instance, will the ameliorations of labour in this country, so happily begun, proceed: it is not by violence, but by the gentle law of progress, that the labourer will win an independent station. Link by link, the chain of destiny is weaving which will necessitate the results of freedom, if impatience interfere not with the mysterious process. All the greatest works of nature and art are conceived and engendered in silence and in secret; and even thus the crises of society are prepared in the womb of time, during long intervals of apparent rest, by that Divine Wisdom which disposes of events both to individuals and to nations. But let us not, we repeat, by these remarks, be supposed to intend a tame and blind acquiescence in oppression and injury; no, we mean rather to show the superiority of moral over physical force in procuring the remedy—the former as requiring patience, and the latter as unwisely indicating the contrary. 'Haste,' says Dante, 'mars all dignity of act;' and nature, though her method, as Emerson tells us, be one of 'ecstasy,' is, properly speaking, never in a hurry. Thus also it should be with social revolutions; let the necessary changes be gradually introduced, that the least possible wrong may be done to existing interests, as well as the greatest possible benefit accrue to the rising order. God, who might have created his universe in one day, preferred to occupy many cycles of time in the accomplishment of his work; nor is the philosopher ignorant that uniform progression is essentially much

more miraculous than sudden intervention, though the constancy of the wonder abates our sense of it, except when we pause to reflect, and then we are thrown into amazement by the detection of a law which previously we had neglected to study.

If, however, patience should be discriminated from mere passive obedience, so, likewise, it is not to be confounded with positive stoicism. This seems to have been the great error of the ancients, who, for the sublime doctrine of suffering, hastily substituted that of insensibility. Suppose that the desirable stoical state were acquired or inherited, it wants virtue to commend it; for, if rendered unsusceptible of pain, we can deserve no credit for not resisting the attempted infliction. There are natural differences between individuals which help to illustrate this truth. One man is more irritable than another both in mind and body, by reason of his native temperament; the event, which is no exercise of patience to another, is a great one to him. Patience, then, is in proportion to sensibility, and is measurable by the degree of pain endured. It springs, too, from humility, and not from pride, as with the stoics. Neither is it a careless indolence, nor a mechanical bravery, nor a constitutional fortitude, nor a daring stoutness of spirit, nor a form of fatalism—too frequently ranked among the more humble and obscure virtues: rightly considered, it is nothing less than a divine habit of mind, accompanying every circumstance of life, and essential both to duty and to happiness. The man who possesses his soul in patience, is either placed beyond vexatious interruption, or surrounded with defences which mediate between him and evil accident.

ADVENTURE OF AN ENGLISH CARLIST.

DURING the summer of 183-, Don Carlos took up his quarters in an old ruined Carlist castle in the valley of the Bastan, in Navarre. The king occupied a room which had escaped the general wreck, while his ministers, generals, and agents, lodged as they best might. The soldiery, such as they were at that time, were scattered over the country, sleeping under hedges, in groves, or, in some few instances, occupying the huts and farm-houses of the Navarrese. I slept in the remnant of a stone kitchen, near the ruined gate of the castle. A pile of straw, with my cloak, formed my bed, with my saddle-bags for a pillow, and there was I disposed, ruminating over the events of the day, and endeavouring to snatch a portion of rest, which I much required. My position in Don Carlos's establishment will explain itself in the course of my narrative; I need only here mention that I had been, at the date I now write, about three years in his service, and a great portion of the time in constant and confidential communication with the claimant to the throne of Spain, Charles V.

I lay on my bed, I have said, and had gradually dropped off into a happy state of oblivion, when I heard the heavy tramp of a spurred and booted foot approaching along the stone passage that led to the kitchen. The sound of footsteps ringing in the deserted halls of the castle, woke me at once to consciousness; my slumbers being soon further dissipated by the sound of a rough voice calling for Don G—. Springing on my feet, and clutching sword and pistol, I answered the call, and next moment one of the lancers composing the regal body-guard stood before me. 'His majesty, signor,' said the soldier, uncovering himself, 'commands your presence immediately.' I signified my readiness to obey, though displeased at the whim that robbed me of my sleep, and followed the messenger, who bore in his hand a wretched oil lamp, which scarcely sufficed to illumine the long dark passage sufficiently to save me from tumbling against the scattered stones and rubbish which encumbered them.

At length a sentry at a door in the only clear passage of the castle proclaimed the king's apartment. I knocked, and received an instant summons to enter.

The room was of the usual bare description, but vast in its dimensions. A bed stood in one corner, very little better than that which I have above described. At a table sat the king, writing by the light of two oil lamps. I advanced, and, according to custom, knelt and kissed his hand. He rose and spoke, with one hand resting on the table, and the other hanging by his side. 'Don G—, when will you be ready to proceed to Paris?' 'At once, sire,' I replied. The king smiled, and said, 'Many thanks; to-morrow morning will be time enough. Be ready then. There are your instructions. You will have an escort to the frontier. Once there, you will act on your own responsibility. Somehow or other you must reach Paris without exciting suspicion: thence you will proceed to the Hague, and return to Spain with despatches. I know your ability in these matters: I trust all the details to you.' After a few more verbal instructions, Don Carlos gave me his hand to kiss, smiled most graciously, promised never to forget my zeal in his service, and dismissed me to his minister's room, where the despatches lay. I received these important papers, and once more retired to my old stone kitchen, rest having become now still more necessary to me. The task was no easy one. As an agent of Don Carlos, the French government would certainly stop me, if I should fall into their hands. My despatches I was sure to lose in the event of discovery, and their contents would be instantly made known to the Christino party. With this conviction, I felt the necessity of using every available precaution to avoid being arrested in France.

At dawn I was on foot, and equipped for the journey, while a party of twenty lancers, in their gallant and picturesque costume, awaited my orders. We started immediately, and halted only when, having crossed the Pyrenees, we reached the banks of the Bidassoa. While yet on Spanish ground, I dismounted from my mule, and assuming the costume of a Basque peasant, dismissed my escort. I was now alone, with France before me: I was unarmed; while a purse and my despatches were as carefully concealed as possible. While awaiting the disappearance of my Spanish lancers, I sat down and endeavoured to mature my plan of operations. I had no passport. Three documents of that nature, made out in three several names, were at my lodgings at Bayonne. I knew that, were I made a prisoner, my passport would be at once taken from me; whereas, if found without that necessary protection, I should have leisure to decide upon which of my three characters I should assume. It will be seen at once what a precarious and anxious life is that of a secret diplomatic agent.

The bridge near Zugaramurdi lay about a mile below; but my policy was to swim the Bidassoa. Accordingly, no sooner was my escort out of sight, than I approached the water's edge, looked carelessly up and down the opposite banks, and seeing no sign of any living being, plunged in, and made for a spot fringed with thick bushes. A brief space of time brought me within twenty feet of the French shores, when, quick as thought, two gun barrels were protruded from amid the bushes, and I was summoned to surrender. In two minutes more I was in the safe keeping of a couple of douaniers—armed customhouse officers. 'Ha! ha! Carlist,' said one of these whiskered gentlemen; 'we've caught you, have we?' I at once threw aside all idea of disguise, and played the Englishman. 'Gentlemen,' said I, quietly eyeing my two antagonists, 'take care what you are about. I am an English gentleman rambling about for my amusement; beware how you offer me any insult.' 'If monsieur is an Englishman, he has of course a passport?' 'Unfortunately I have left it at Bayonne.' This of course led them to suppose that my residence was at Bayonne, the very object for which I had lodgings there. 'Well, sir,' said they, 'Englishman or not, we find you crossing the Bidassoa in a suspicious manner. You have no passport, and it is our imperative duty to take you before the maire.' I made no opposition to this command; and away they started with me, walking one on each side, to their quarters.

The beginning of my journey, though unpropitious, was, however, exactly as I expected.

On reaching the maire, we found the maire not at home, and I was unceremoniously walked into the public room of an auberge, the solitary window of which overlooked a paved yard, with very high walls, composed of loose stones. I seated myself at a table, and at once, on the plea of my walk and the consequent hunger, ordered dinner, inviting the douaniers to join me. The invitation was immediately accepted; and from that instant the worthy satellites of the customhouse treated me with the utmost deference. After dinner, I ordered brandy and cigars; but feigning not to smoke myself, demanded permission, while they were inhaling the weed, to walk up and down the yard. To this my now merry guardians made not the slightest objection, and into the yard I went. To escape was impossible; besides, the very fact of my doing so would have been betraying my secret. My object in entering the yard was far otherwise. After talking some time through the window with the douaniers, and when I saw clearly that the wine and brandy had somewhat confused their intellects, I seized a favourable opportunity, removed a stone from the wall, thrust my despatches therein, and returned the stone to its place. My heart was now as light as a feather—my despatches were safe.

Shortly after dinner I was taken before the maire, and questioned. With him I assumed a higher tone than with the douaniers; said I was an Englishman, as he could well see; complained bitterly of having been arrested while pursuing my pleasure; and demanded imperatively to be taken to Bayonne, where my passport was, and where my friend the maire would satisfy them as to my innocence. The words, 'my friend, the maire of Bayonne,' startled the worthy magistrate, who became excessively polite; and in a few minutes more I was on my road to that town. The maire of Bayonne was my friend, but under circumstances which I cannot here explain. I little knew, however, that the government suspected him of being a Carlist.

On arriving at my destination, I went with the douanier to the street in which my lodgings were situated—induced him to wait outside—and in a very few minutes again stood before him in the costume of an English gentleman, and with my passport in my pocket. The maire was at home—immediately satisfied the douanier—vised my passport for Paris; and I was at once placed, without any difficulty, in the very best position possible, not being supposed to have come from Spain at all. Under this comfortable impression I returned with the douanier, secretly obtained my despatches, and booked myself in the diligence for Paris direct. But the little maire had his suspicions still, and next day the telegraph was at work; and long before I reached Paris, the fact of my being on my road there was known, and a plan of operations decided on. The little maire was too cunning for me.

Unconscious of this circumstance, I left the diligence at the messageries of Lafitte and Gaillard, with my little valise under my arm, and immediately retired to a bed-room, there to wash off the dust and other marks incident to a long journey, preparatory to dining. I had been in the room five minutes, and had, luckily, not opened my valise, when I heard a polite knock at the door. Perfectly unprepared, I opened the door, and one glance told me the intruder was a commissary of police. I knew my fate hung on a word—a look; and, young diplomatist as I was, I acted with a presence of mind which since has many times astonished me. 'Mr —?' said he, politely mentioning my name. 'Mr —' is up stairs at No. —,' said I, without flinching, at the same time smiling most benignly. 'Oh, ten thousand pardons, monsieur, for the mistake: what number did you say, sir?' I repeated the number; the commissary of police thanked me, re-entered the passage, and began quietly to ascend the stairs. Before he had reached the summit of the flight, I was in the street with my valise in my hand. With such a police as Paris can boast of,

to have taken a *fiacre* or cab would have been to betray my hiding-place at once. I therefore hurried along on foot, plunged into the *cité*, reached as low a neighbourhood as I could find, and entered a house of very suspicious character, where, however, I was quite safe until dark. Here I dined; and as soon as night came on, sallied forth in search of a more safe place of concealment.

In a street in the Quartier Latin, some months before, I had often spent an evening with a very clever, but very poor young artist. We had been great cronies, and to him I determined to apply for shelter for the night. With some difficulty I found the house, and being admitted to the porter's lodge, inquired for Monsieur Jules Victor. '*Au quatrième*'—[On the fourth floor,] said the laconic Cerberus, and up the stair I at once sallied. After a journey up a narrow and dark flight of stairs, I reached the desired door, and knocked: '*Entrez*,' said a soft female voice. I started, but still obeyed the summons, and found myself in the presence of a very pretty and neatly-dressed young Frenchwoman. 'This is Monsieur Victor's apartment, I believe?' said I with some hesitation. 'It is; he will be here directly. Will monsieur be seated?' said she with a most engaging smile. I seated myself, and Victor instantly came out of the adjoining chamber. 'Delighted to see you, my dear fellow; what earthquake has cast you up? But excuse me; allow me to introduce you to Madame Victor—Madame Victor, Monsieur —!' This announcement rather disarranged my plans; but determined to make a trial, I sat down, and at once told my story, concluding by casting a sly look at madame, and saying, 'Had you been a bachelor, I meant to beg half your bed?' 'And of course now you will stay?' said madame kindly; 'we will do the best we can for you.'

This point settled, I rose from my chair, and drawing my passport from my pocket, burned it quietly before them. Very much surprised, they inquired the reason, which, however, was obvious—that I could no longer travel under my own name, and another had become absolutely necessary. I spent a most pleasant evening with this worthy and kind couple; amused them with my multifarious adventures; and next morning sallied forth to call on an intimate English friend. With him I could not be explicit; but, after the ordinary topics which occur to men meeting after an absence of some duration, I said, 'I have lost my passport. Will you go to the English embassy with me, and vouch for my respectability?' 'Certainly.' 'But will you be quite silent with regard to my real appellation? My name is Henry Seymour!' He started. 'I do not ask you to say my name is Henry Seymour, but simply to say you know me.' Though very much surprised, he agreed; and away we went to the English embassy. We saw the usual official—the usual questions were asked—my friend vouched for my respectability. I mentioned that I had lost my passport. A new one was made out at once; and after the usual particulars, the official said, 'What name?' 'Henry Seymour.' 'Where last from?' 'Calais.'

That night, after transacting my business in Paris, and perfectly satisfied with the neat manner in which I had eluded the vigilance of the police, I was on my road to Brussels. But the eternal telegraph was at work. Ere I was half-way on my road, the deceit I had practised was suspected, and intelligence transmitted, with orders to watch me closely. On arriving at Brussels I gave up my passport, and in an hour afterwards called for it at the police-office. The commissary eyed me in a hesitating manner, quite sufficient to awaken alarm, and told me to call next morning. This was enough for me: I knew at once that I was suspected.

I must here mention that Belgium and Holland were at war—the former being, with France, opposed to the Carlist dynasty, and the latter in secret league with Don Carlos. My plan of operations was at once decided on. I left the hotel (*the Grand Laborer*) at which I had taken up my quarters, and fixed myself in a cabaret. As soon as night came, I sent for one of the common

carts of the country, and offered the driver a handsome sum to get me across the frontier. 'But you will be taken prisoner, sir,' said he. The very thing I want, I thought to myself. I contented myself, however, with saying that I would risk the danger. Tempted by the somewhat brilliant offer I made him, he agreed, and I mounted the cart, lay down on a pile of straw, threw my cloak over me, and in a very short time was fast asleep. Having scarcely had a proper night's rest since I left Spain, my slumber was heavy and unbroken, and I only woke when challenged by the Dutch sentinels. I at once knew that I was within the lines of the Hollanders, and demanded to be taken before the distinguished general in command. His name, and what passed between us, I cannot now reveal; suffice that I instantly received a pass, and reached the Hague without farther molestation.

My despatches presented, and my mission fulfilled, I sailed for England, and thence took ship again for Spain. Such was my adventure—one of many which I underwent when in the secret diplomatic service of Don Carlos. What the exact object of my journey was, it is not for me to reveal; suffice it, however, that my return was hailed with delight, as I brought with me that from the want of which monarch and peasant equally suffer—GOLD.

CLUB-LIFE OF THE PAST.

HAVING in two preceding articles endeavoured to give our readers some idea of club-life as it at present exists, they will perhaps feel interested to know what kind of life was led by such of our forefathers as belonged to the clubs of their day. The contrast of the old with the new state of things will appear immeasurably in favour of the moderns, especially in respect of morals. We may now be without the flashes of wit that were wont

'To set the table in a roar;'

but we are also without the intemperance, coarseness, and improvidence which the old club system fostered and kept alive.

Abstractly, clubs are necessary to man, for he is a social animal. From his earliest history, he has associated for the purpose of increasing his comforts and his pleasures. Clubbing, therefore, is as old as the oldest community, for nations may be regarded as extensive clubs; of which the king may be considered the president; the vizier, or prime minister, vice-president; the rest of the government office-bearers, and the populace simply members.

The success of the principle having been fully established by past experience on a large scale, certain members of our own nation have found it convenient from time to time to form themselves into small sectional associations, denominated *par excellence* clubs.* The chief reason which appears to have moved them thereto, was a community of sentiments or opinions; for amongst 'congenial souls' are social pleasures best cultivated. This tendency shows itself in every nation, although it is only in England that it is fully developed. In the East, there is no occasion for them; coffee-houses for men, and public baths for women, answer the purpose. Though, in the continental states of Europe, they have occasionally existed for political purposes, they were always short-lived; for in monarchies less limited than our own, it has been considered dangerous to allow a number of persons to meet together frequently, for

* This word is a recently-employed adaptation of the Anglo-Saxon *clafu*, to divide; 'because,' says Skinner, 'the expenses are divided into shares or portions.' Though Shakespeare, as will presently be seen, belonged to a club or clubs, we do not find the word used in his writings, nor indeed in that of his contemporaries, in the above sense. The essayists of Queen Anne's reign were amongst the earliest writers who applied the term to convivial meetings.

fear of disaffection. For this reason, even our nearest continental neighbours cannot form social associations like our clubs. The geography of the subject, therefore, is soon disposed of, and we proceed at once to its history.

We hear little about convivial societies till the reign of Elizabeth. We then find men of taste fond of meeting at places of public entertainment to enjoy each other's society. 'Domestic entertainments were at that time rare. The accommodations of a private house were ill calculated for the purposes of a social meeting, and taverns and ordinaries were almost the only places in which we hear of such assemblies.*' The best remembered of such meetings, is that known to posterity as the Mermaid Club, having been held at a tavern of that name. It was established by Sir Walter Raleigh. Besides its founder, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Ben Jonson, and Donne, were amongst its members; who, to mental intercommunion, added the less refined pleasures of eating, drinking, and smoking. But intellectual recreation was in the ascendant, for which we have Beaumont's unimpeachable testimony. In a poetical and cordial letter to Ben Jonson, he exclaims—

'What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then, where there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly.'

The boon companions of those merry days often met at other places, and Ben Jonson drew up, for another club which he originated, a set of rules entitled *Leyes Conviviales*, in which he advocated, amongst other excellent things, temperance. If we may credit the elegant apostrophe of Herrick, 'rare old Ben' and his companions practised what he preached.

'Ah, Ben!
Say how, or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun.
The Dog, the Triple Tun?†
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the most, outdid the frolic wine.'

We hear little of clubs throughout the reign of the first James, and during that of his son Charles nothing; for in his unhappy time, to borrow a Hudibrasian jest, cudgelling was more rife than clubbing. The putanical manners adopted during the commonwealth scarcely admitted of any sort of recreation; and the resuscitation of clubs arose appropriately enough out of the Restoration. For many years monarchical principles had been so very unpopular, that the name of 'king' was banished from the vocabulary of Cromwell's adherents; and when the reaction took place, and sovereignty came into fashion with the reappearance of the second Charles, the royalists testified their exuberant satisfaction by the wildest or most eccentric tokens. Amongst the latter was a club held at the sign of the King's Head, called the King's Club, the only qualification for which was, that the candidate's surname should be 'King.'

In and more immediately after the days of the 'merry monarch,' there were a greater number and variety of clubs than ever existed before or since; and although they were principally established for convivial purposes, leading to excesses, and engendering habits and manners much to be deplored, yet we, who live in better times, should not be too harsh in denouncing them. At the Restoration, society—taking that expression in its general sense—had ceased to exist. Throughout the previous half century, public discord, private dissension,

and all the several ills that civil war is heir to, had shivered the social compact. The Restoration was not only that of the single prince, but the beginning of peace and good-will amongst his subjects; except that the process in the latter case was slower, and more cautiously carried out than the reseating of Charles on the throne. Men, in choosing their companions—especially those of their least guarded moments—were obliged to be extremely careful; yet, after so much turmoil and estrangement, they naturally yearned for fellowship. It is not, then, to be wondered at, that when a few individuals found themselves to possess sentiments of a congenial cast, political or otherwise, they should have made arrangements for meeting as frequently as possible, to enjoy each other's company. The tavern was the most convenient place of assembly, and the bottle was considered in those half-dark days the best promoter of reconciliation and good cheer. Clubs, therefore, however much their use has since been abused, had their use then: they formed points of union, and gradually operated to promote the general harmony which had long been broken.

Independent of this, at the end of the seventeenth, and even to the middle of the succeeding century, the very smallness of the population was a bar to much spontaneous sociality. If neighbours wanted to meet, they could only do so by special and previous arrangement; which arrangement generally took the form of a club. It was even customary, so late as the year 1710, for the inhabitants of the same street to form themselves into a club. The Spectator of that date records, that there were, in several parts of the city, street-clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. 'I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in Ormond Street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me there was at that time a very good club in it; he also told me, upon farther discourse with him, that two or three noisy country squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the club (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for it of a sociable nature and good conversation.' The story of the rackets squires actually lowering the rental by damaging the local society, and the curious qualification demanded of a tenant, that, besides being quiet, and able to pay his rent, he should be of 'good conversation,' show the vast influence of small clubs at that time.

The chief bond of union amongst persons who meet for relaxation and entertainment, is congeniality of some sort or other; which, as we have seen above, the mere accident of living in the same street did not always insure. But, of all sorts of congeniality, none is so universal as that arising out of eating and drinking; 'in which,' says Addison, 'most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all bear a part.' Clubs for dining and supping were plentifully established both in town and country, and amateurs of particular dishes met together to discuss them. The most celebrated club that ever existed took its rise from a congenial fondness for mutton pies. Just before the Revolution of 1688, there lived in Shire Lane, close to Temple-Bar, one Christopher, a pastry-cook, whose peculiar mutton pies had rendered his shop famous. On the pretence of eating these delicacies, Lords Montague and Dorset, the poets Prior and Garth, Jacob Tonson the bookseller, and others, met under Christopher's sign; which bore the elegant effigies of a cat and a fiddle. They periodically took possession of the shop-parlour, and gave themselves the name of the 'Kit-Cat Club;' but, as Arbuthnot sung—

'Whence deathless Kit-Cat took its name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some say from pastry-cook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle.'

* Gifford. *Life of Ben Jonson*.

† The Three Tuns, still existing at the Fleet Street end of Fetter Lane.

Ward, in his 'Complete and Humorous Account of the Remarkable Clubs and Societies,' gives the derivation which has been generally received. 'The cook's name,' he writes, 'being Christopher, for brevity called Kit, and his sign being the Cat and Fiddle, they very merrily derived a quaint denomination from puss and her master, and from thence called themselves the Kit-Cat Club.' At the time it was formed by the above-named individuals, the country was in a very critical position. The efforts of King James II. in favour of popery was so strenuous, that the seven principal protestant bishops were prisoners in the Tower. Members of the club increased, and were ostensibly attracted to Shire Lane by the mutton pies; but really met to concert measures for the bloodless rebellion which very soon followed. 'The Kit-Cat Club,' remarks Horace Walpole, 'though generally mentioned as a set of wits, were in fact the patriots who saved Britain.' The club long outlived its original purpose, and Christopher grew rich enough to remove to the Fountain Tavern in the Strand. In Queen Anne's reign, it comprehended above forty noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank, talent, and merit. Sir Godfrey Kneller painted their portraits, of that peculiar dimension which is now denominated 'Kit-Cat.'

The Beefsteak Club is, if we mistake not, still in existence. It was instituted in 1735,* in consequence of the Earl of Peterborough's visit to the work-room of a celebrated theatrical mechanist, named Rich. The artist began to cook his beefsteak on a gridiron, over the fire used for melting his size. The earl was asked to partake, which he did with so much relish, that he determined to dine with his host once a-week. He brought on the next visit a few friends, who formed themselves into a club; amongst them were Hogarth and Sir John Thornhill. From time to time the club has numbered some of the most celebrated men of genius this country has produced.—These are the most famous of what may be classed as the special-dish clubs. Hosts of others were, however, established, such as the Calves'-head Club, held in Charing-Cross; the Tripe Club of Dublin; Oyster, Eel-pie, and Goose clubs.

Not only a concurrent taste for the good things of this life, but similarity in the most ridiculous particulars, served as an excuse to form a club. The Spectator satirises this, by describing a market-town 'in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance.' A club of tall men was established in Edinburgh, which went by the name of the Six-foot Club. An 'Ugly Club,' instituted at Cambridge, is also mentioned; but as few could be found to put in a voluntary claim to unenviable ugliness, it was but a limited and transient affair. The 'Hum-drum Club' consisted of a set of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The Mum Club was an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise. The Spectator also tells of a Lovers' Club established at Oxford, into which 'a mistress and a poem in her praise' were the only passports.

Meanwhile, the wits of Dryden's day continued to assemble and exchange smart sayings at places of public entertainment, like their predecessors the companions of Ben Jonson. Taverns, such as 'The Mermaid,' had by this time changed their name to coffee-houses, and in some measure their nature; for they were not, at particular times of the day, open to all comers; and although, on the other hand, no subscription was exacted for the privilege of entering them, yet we find, by the account which Colley Cibber gives of his first visit to Will's in Covent Garden, that it required an introduction to this society, not to be considered as an impertinent intruder. There the veteran Dryden had long

presided over all the acknowledged wits and poets of the day, and those who had the pretension to be reckoned among them. The politicians assembled at the St James's coffee-house, whence all the articles of political news in the first Tatlers are dated. The learned frequented the Grecian coffee-house in Devereux Court. Locket's, in Gerard Street, Soho, and Pontac's, were the fashionable taverns where the young and gay met to dine; and White's, and other chocolate houses, seem to have been the resort of the same company in the morning. The bay window of this house was then, as now, its great attraction as a morning lounge. Generations of 'company' have continued to frequent the establishment down to the present moment, a committee of the predecessors of the present frequenters having taken the management of the concern into their own hands, and formed it into a political club for gentlemen professing Tory principles. The history of Brookes's, also in St James's Street, is the same, except that it is composed of Whig partisans. Its proprietor appears to have been extremely popular in his day; and no wonder, if any faith is to be placed in the following couplet, penned by a grateful debtor:—

'The generous Brookes, whose honest, liberal trade,
Delights to trust, and blushes to be paid.'

Boodle's, not far from Brookes's, was first set up by a man of that name, and is now also supported by subscription. It has always been a lounge for country gentlemen visiting London. These three establishments bear the closest resemblance to modern clubs to be found amongst the social relics of a bygone age.

The effects of coffee-house meetings upon the habits of our forefathers are thus described by Miss Berry:—'Three o'clock, or at latest four, was the dining hour of the most fashionable persons in London, for in the country no such late hours had been adopted. In London, therefore, soon after six, the men began to assemble at the coffee-house they frequented, if they were not setting in for hard drinking, which seems to have been less indulged in private houses than in taverns. The ladies made visits to one another, which, it must be owned, was a much less waste of time when considered as an amusement for the evening, than now as being a morning occupation.'

Such nightly meetings—which were clubs without a regular organisation, and bore the name of the keeper of the house they were held at—were kept up by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, and afterwards by Dr Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Topham Beauclerc, Gibbon, Boswell, and Garrick. For a long time these celebrated men met at the 'Mitre,' in Fleet Street, as a club, but one without a name. At the funeral of Garrick, they agreed to call their meetings the 'Literary Club,' which afterwards included Sheridan and other choice and intellectual spirits.

Dr Johnson, it is well known, was a great lover of clubs, and belonged to several. Of the Pandemonium, held in Clarges Street, Mayfair, we are enabled to give some notion from the Memoirs of the late Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas, who was a member. He narrates that, on being introduced into the club, he first addressed himself to Oliver Goldsmith, whose absence of mind prevented him taking any heed of the new member. Dr Johnson was next bowed to, and, in return, 'he gruffly nodded to me, and continued some observations of a ludicrous nature which he was making, in a tone of mock solemnity, to the little man by his side, who proved to be no other than David Garrick. The Roscius received me with an air of cordiality and politeness which was quite delightful to me. At length Mr Foote, and a number of other members having arrived, we adjourned to dinner. The conversation, to my great relief, became general before even the cloth was removed. It seemed to be a favourite object with several

* A former club, under the same title, had by this time expired.

* Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France. By the editor of *Madame du Deffand's Letters*.

of the members to bring out the peculiar vein of Dr Goldsmith. About this period he had produced the Good-Natured Man and other successful comedies. Mr Foote observed to him, that he wondered to see Goldsmith writing such stuff as these, after immortalising his name by pieces so inimitable as the Traveller and the Deserted Village. "Why, Master Foote," said Goldsmith, with his rich Irish brogue, in reply, "my fine verses you talk of would never produce me a beef-steak and a can of porter; but since I have written nonsense, as you call it, for your bare boards, I can afford to live like a gentleman." Dr Johnson, who had taken his seat at the head of the table, then began, in a monotonous tone of affected gravity and grandiloquence, to pronounce a eulogium on folly, and to prove that it was more pleasing, and therefore more useful than good sense. In the course of the evening, every conceivable variety of topic was introduced; but, in general, the subjects under discussion had some reference, more or less remote, to the current literature of the day. They thus acquired an interest which to me was peculiarly striking, from the connexion which subsisted between the topics of conversation and the speakers themselves, without much regard, probably, to the undoubted talent with which the discussion was handled: for I may declare with unaffected sincerity, that the whole scene was perfectly new to me, the actors in it, not less than the topics on which they declaimed. At the same time, I had *not* enough to perceive the prudence and propriety of exercising the peculiar talent which had recommended me as a candidate for admission into the club—(silence). It called for no extraordinary sagacity to discover that I had got into a most pugnacious society, who, like others of their class, had acquired an undoubted right to be regarded as of the *genus irritabile*.

Clubs of a convivial nature, though much on the decline, are even now common to all classes of society in England. Whigs, Tories, squires, travellers, lawyers, engineers, doctors, scholars, soldiers, sailors, merchants, and others, have each their exclusive institutions. The multiplicity of tradesmen's clubs is both notorious and proverbial; and besides convivial associations, there are many ostensibly for charity and useful purposes. Yet under whatever name and pretence they are frequented, drinking and smoking are the real purposes for which their members meet. The design of the benefit and benevolent clubs is excellent; but as they are held at public-houses, the manner in which it is carried out is highly prejudicial. Many clubs are set a-foot for economical ends. The manufacturing districts, for example, abound with societies into which each member pays a small weekly sum, and, after a time, he becomes entitled to some article of dress. Upon this plan there are hat, coat, and boot clubs. The economy of such associations is, however, a pure fallacy. At each meeting there must be 'something to drink,' and conversation about the business in hand cannot be enjoyed without a pipe. By the time, therefore, that each member becomes entitled to his coat, he has in all probability spent as much money on beer and tobacco as would have bought a whole suit of clothes.

Having pretty nearly characterised the convivial clubs of the past, we may be permitted to say a word on the effect they have had on manners; and in this point of view we cannot find a single good word to say in their favour. Though there were, as we have before hinted, some excuses for their first formation amongst our disunited forefathers, they have since had the most baneful effects upon the public. Much of that excessive drinking which characterised the past age, must be charged to the universal habit of frequenting convivial clubs. They have, we venture to affirm, kept back most hurtfully the progress of civilisation. They withdrew men from their families, and interfered with studies which would have been more beneficial than ribald conversation suggested by intellects fuddled with drink.

A distinct sort of clubs, belonging to the past, have

not yet been alluded to—gaming clubs. That irrational vice was practised at nearly every coffee-house, and to such a degree, that the legislature interfered to prevent it. Gamblers, therefore, to evade the law which forbade play in public-houses, clubbed to take private ones. Such houses as White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's, the law did not touch, and the propensity was indulged in them; whilst others were started on the same plan for the special purpose of gaming. It is pleasing to record that they have gradually faded away; Crockford's, the most splendid and extensive, having been broken up last year. Indeed, what were known as 'fashionable vices' are fast vanishing, or are deemed decidedly vulgar. A person who games deeply, or gets often intoxicated, no longer finds ready admission into the higher circles: he is a tainted man; his exclusion from the best modern clubs is equally rigid. This example, so worthily set by the aristocracy, will not be lost upon the operative classes, and the time is not far distant when a confirmed card-player, or habitual drunkard, will lose the countenance of his companions, in however humble a walk of life he may exist.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

EFFECTS OF COLOURED LIGHT ON PLANTS.

Most persons are familiar with the fact, that solar light is indispensable to the growth, health, and perfection of every vegetable. Without exposure to sunshine, plants could not acquire their colours, could not elaborate their various secretions, or properly mature their seeds. This sunshine, or 'white light,' as it is called, consists of several coloured rays which are known to possess very different illuminating, heating, and chemical properties; hence it has become a subject of interest among men of science to examine whether all the rays assist alike in the progress of vegetation. One of the most recent inquirers is Mr R. Hunt—well known for his researches on light—whose experiments are detailed in the Gardeners' Chronicle for August.

The solar beam of white light, when subjected to prismatic analysis, is found to consist of seven or more distinct colours; namely, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Mr Hunt, however, adopting the views of Sir David Brewster, is inclined to admit only three primitive colours—red, yellow, and blue—all the others being made up of mixtures of these. By experiment, the red rays yield the greatest amount of heat, the yellow the largest quantity of light, while the blue produce the strongest chemical effect. It is evident from this, that by the use of red, blue, and yellow glasses, the natural conditions of a plant may be materially altered; thus, heating rays may be admitted while light and chemical effect are partially excluded; or light may be admitted while heat and chemical effect are excluded; or, lastly, the maximum chemical power may be exerted without exposure to either illuminating or heating rays. Subjecting seeds or plants to light which has passed through these variously-coloured media, Mr Hunt has found the following general results:—

1. Under yellow glass, it was found that in nearly all cases the germination of seeds was prevented; and even in the few cases where germination commenced, the young plant soon perished. Mr Hunt is inclined to ascribe these instances of germination to the action of heat-rays which had passed through the glass, rather than to light. Agarics, and several of the fungus tribe, flourished luxuriantly under the influence of the yellow medium. Although the luminous rays may be regarded as injurious to the early stages of vegetation, there is reason to believe that, in the more advanced periods of growth, they become essential to the formation of woody fibre.

2. Under red glass, germination took place, when the seeds were carefully watched, and a sufficient quantity of water added to supply the deficiency of the increased evaporation. The plant, however, was not of a healthy

character, and, generally speaking, the leaves were partially blanched, showing that the production of chlorophyll (green colouring matter) had been prevented. Most vegetables, instead of bending towards red light, in the same manner as they do towards white light, bent from it in a very remarkable manner. Mr Hunt found that plants in a flowering condition could be preserved for a much longer time under the influence of red light than under any other, and is inclined to think that red media are highly beneficial during the fruiting processes of plants.

3. Glass of a deep blue—such as is used for finger-glasses—has the property of allowing the free passage of all chemical rays, whilst it obstructs both the heat and light radiations. The rays thus separated from the heat and light rays, Mr Hunt regards as a distinct principle, for which he proposes the name of *actinism*.* They have the power of accelerating in a remarkable manner the germination of seeds and the growth of the young plant. After a certain period, varying nearly with every plant upon which experiments were made, these rays became too stimulating, and growth proceeded rapidly without the necessary strength. When this was perceived, the removal of the plant into the yellow rays, or, which was better, into light which had passed through an emerald green glass, accelerated the deposition of carbon, and the consequent formation of woody fibre proceeded in a regular and perfect way.

Such, adds Mr Hunt, 'are the conditions and the results of my experiments. They seem to point to a very great practical application, in enabling us in this climate to meet the necessities of plants, natives of the tropical regions. We have evidence, at least so it appears to me, from these and other results, that the germination of seeds in spring, the flowering of plants in summer, and the ripening of fruits in autumn, are dependent upon the variations in the amounts of actinism or chemical influence—of light and of heat—at those seasons in the solar beam. Many results obtained by the photographic processes appear to prove this to be the case.' Altogether, independent of their practical advantages, these experiments point to principles in nature, the further explication of which may lead to the solution of some of the most interesting problems in organic development.

A NOVELTY IN LOOKING-GLASSES.

Amongst the productions of human industry, there are some, the common and daily use of which effaces the marvels connected with them. Among such things mirrors may be classed. That the exact image of every object should be reproduced with the most perfect fidelity, is surely an extraordinary fact, and one which can only be appreciated to the full by savages who see a reflector for the first time. Clear water is the only means which nature, unaided by art, has provided for mirroring the features of the human face or other objects; and the belles of the earliest ages arranged their costume, and practised their little coquettish arts, over a sheet of pellucid water. But a more efficient and portable substitute was found in polished metal, and mirrors of such material were adopted. To whom the invention must be attributed, it is impossible to say: 'probably,' remarks a French writer, 'the inventor was a woman.' That brass mirrors are of high antiquity, there can be no doubt. They were in use among the Jewish women, as we learn from the Pentateuch; for Moses made the laver of the tabernacle of that metal, much of which was contributed by the women, who voluntarily gave up their mirrors for the purpose. It is, however, conjectured that the use of such reflectors was borrowed from the Egyptians, who were the earliest people to bring them into use. As refinement increased, brass, ever so well polished, was found not so reflective as

silver—a discovery for which a certain Praxiteles (not the sculptor, but a contemporary of Pompey) has the credit, and mirrors of that metal were adopted; but their expensiveness precluded their use by any but the most affluent. The common people of Rome employed a great variety of polished materials; amongst them, straw carefully plaited, which, it is not generally known, acts as a reflector of the sun's rays sufficiently powerful to burn; in consequence of the natural glass produced by the silex with which all reeds are coated.

The most acute historians have been unable to discover when glass was first used as mirrors, but they were first supplied to the ancient fashionable world from Sidon; and, when history emerges from the dark ages, we find those lustrous articles made almost wholly at Venice, which remained the seat of the manufacture up to a comparatively recent period. To this we may probably trace the fact, that the makers and hawkers of looking-glasses in England, France, and other parts of Europe, are nearly always Italians. The Venetian trade was much damaged by Colbert,* who, by the force of capital, seduced many workmen from Italy, and deprived the Venetians of the profits of an art which had been for some ages looked upon as their patrimony. Colbert set up a large establishment in his native country, in which he introduced several improvements in the manufacture of looking-glasses. The most important was the substitution of cast for blow glass, by which not only a smoother and more faultless surface was produced, but also larger plates. This was the latest improvement; for the mode of silvering the backs is done precisely in the same manner now as it ever was. The term 'silvering' is scarcely correct: it is derived from the fact of the chief ingredient used being mercury, vulgarly called quicksilver. The French, with more propriety, designate the process 'tinning' (*étamage*), that being the metal which is employed along with mercury. This explanation is necessary to render the more intelligible an improvement in this process which has been recently patented, and in which silver, properly so called, is substituted for tin. But we must first describe the not uninteresting, but extremely insalubrious process by which the manufacture of looking-glasses is now carried on. The so-called silvering consists in applying a layer of tin-foil alloyed with mercury to the posterior surface of the glass. The workshop for executing this operation is provided with a number of smooth tables of fine freestone or marble, truly levelled, having round their contour a rising ledge, within which there is a gutter or groove which terminates by a slight slope in a spout at one of the corners. The glass-tinner, standing towards one angle of his table, sweeps and wipes its surface with the greatest care, along the whole breadth to be occupied by the mirror-plate; then taking a sheet of tin-foil adapted to his purpose, he spreads it on the table, and applies it closely with a brush, which removes any folds or wrinkles. The table being horizontal, he pours over the tin a small quantity of quicksilver, and spreads it with a roll of woollen stuff; so that the tin-foil is penetrated, and apparently dissolved by the mercury. Then taking the plate of glass, he lays it carefully on the smooth bed of tin and mercury, which adheres to the glass in obedience to the law, that bodies contract a close adhesion when they touch at all points. The glass is then removed from the table, and placed under heavy weights for twenty-four hours, so as to make the adhesion more perfect and durable. Even after this, a portion of the superfluous lactering remains on the glass, and has to be gradually drained off by placing the plate on a frame sloped like a writing-desk. This is a very nice and difficult operation, and requires the most minute care to prevent the glass from contracting during the operation, in which case the whole process must be recommenced. Moreover, the bed of tin is easily cracked, and every one knows with

* See paper on Actino-Chemistry, in No. 52, New Series, of this Journal.

* The interesting story of Colbert will be found in the first volume of Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts.

what rapidity the action of the sun, or the least humidity, spoils the best looking-glasses.

It is fortunate, therefore, that, nearly coincident with the reduction of the glass-duties, a new process for manufacturing reflectors by chemical instead of mechanical means has been discovered. Everything which tends to cheapen so ornamental and harmlessly useful an article as mirrors, may be looked upon as a not unimportant advance in social economy. We do not hold with those utilitarians who would banish inexpensive luxuries from the humblest abodes, and we would therefore do all in our power to promote the adoption of any improvement in such articles, with a view to their general accessibility. To this end we gladly give publicity to the new invention for silvering looking-glasses.

Towards the end of 1843, Mr Thomas Drayton, of Brighton, sealed a patent, the subject of which was a mode of silvering looking-glasses without the employment of quicksilver. The material used is composed of coarsely-pulverised nitrate of silver, spirits of hartshorn, and water. This, after standing for twenty-four hours, is filtered, and an addition is then made of spirit of wine and a few drops of oil of cassia. The glass to be silvered with this solution must have a clean and polished surface; it is to be placed in a horizontal position, and a wall of putty or other suitable material formed around it; so that the solution may cover the surface of the glass to the depth of from an eighth to a quarter of an inch. A deposition of the silver then takes place in two hours or less, and when the required deposit has been obtained, the solution is poured off; and as soon as the silver on the glass is perfectly dry, it is varnished with a composition formed by melting together equal quantities of bees' wax and tallow. This serves as a protection to the residuum which adheres closely to the glass, and affords a more clear and brilliant reflection than the old process; besides being done in infinitely less time, and with no risk of failure. The term 'silvering' looking-glasses is rendered by the new plan quite correct, for it is silver, and nothing but silver, which converts the glass into a mirror.

It may be asked why so useful an invention should have as yet remained unknown to the public, and unacted on? The answer is, that although the inventor proved fully that the principles of his invention were correct, there were some difficulties of a purely technical nature connected with the manufacture, which he was not very readily able to overcome. In this emergency M. Tourasse, to whose working Mr Drayton had committed the patent he had taken out for France, has succeeded, after a year spent in experiments, in perfecting the process. M. Tourasse submitted the invention to the Academie de Sciences, who appointed a commission to inquire into its merits, which it fully confirmed. On the 20th of August last, Mr Drayton's agent experimented before a committee of the Society for the Encouragement of the Useful Arts, and succeeded in silvering a double glass in half an hour.

'Whoever,' it is remarked in the report from which we copy this information, 'has compared looking-glasses prepared after the old and the new processes, must be struck with the superior reflective powers of the latter. The adhesion of the metallic coating to the glass is firmer, and the protection afforded by the outer varnish more complete.' One great advantage is, that, by the patent, glass tubes and other globular surfaces can be silvered by it. This was impossible by the old method; for, except the concave and convex mirrors used in dining-rooms, nothing of the sort could be accomplished, from the purely mechanical nature of the process. This advantage will be most apparent to those who have occasion for optical instruments, in which many improvements will doubtless follow. In a salubrious point of view, it will be a great boon to workmen who are now engaged in one of the most unhealthy employments existing. They at present exist amidst the fumes of mercury, which, despite all the elaborate precautions employed to preserve the skin and lungs

from injury, prove fatally injurious. Although the material used be silver, the public are promised looking-glasses at prices very little differing from those at present charged.

In conclusion, we may remark generally on the gratifying march which chemical processes are making upon mechanical ones in all kinds of manufacture. There is no body of men who have from time to time proved such benefactors to mankind as operative chemists.

DESECRATION OF MELROSE ABBEY BY TOURISTS.

It is with pain we perceive, by advertisements in the Edinburgh newspapers, that, in consequence of the wanton and malicious damage done to the abbey of Melrose by persons calling themselves tourists, and other visitors, by chipping and defacing the beautiful carvings and stone-work, and carrying off the fragments as memorials or relics, its noble owner, the Duke of Buccleuch, has felt it his duty to close it to the public for the future. Thus, in consequence of the covetous depredations of a few well-dressed petty larcenists, the honest and moral part of the community is shut out from one of the finest ruins in Great Britain. The veneration of antiquity will naturally feel this as a sort of injustice to themselves, for it is difficult to conceive a private right sufficiently strong to exclude them from a ruin which historic and national associations have in one sense made public property. But the duke is not only the owner, but the conservator of the structure. He feels himself responsible to posterity for the proper care-taking of a building which to our successors will be even more valuable as a memorial of the past than it is to ourselves. At least we can conceive his grace feeling in this way, and, if he acts accordingly, who can blame him? We can only hope that, when the public have received a sufficient lesson on the subject, some relaxation of the rule may take place. Meanwhile, let every effort be used to aid in the detection of the offenders, for whose discovery the duke's agents in Edinburgh further offer a (we hope needless) reward of ten pounds.

There are some petty offences to which their perpetrators appear to attach neither importance nor blame; they are glozed over with the varnish of custom, or the shortcomings of the law. A man who would not wrong you of a penny in money, thinks nothing of borrowing a book or an umbrella, and never returning either. Pecadilloes of this nature have become so familiarised from frequency, that conscience seems to take no trouble about them. The evil more particularly under discussion is freely committed, because the law does not take much notice of it. Chipping monuments, and pocketing the leaf of a folios capital, or the wing of a cherubim, are amongst the unpunishable offences, because the crime is so wanton, that the statutes never contemplated it; hence, when the silly fellow smashed the Portland vase in the British Museum, the law could be no more severe with him than if he had wilfully broken a Delft teapot. What the law cannot, effect, however, public opinion can; and we are severe enough to hope that, should any of the Melrose Abbey depredators be discovered, their names, addresses, and professions will be published in the newspapers as fully as if they had to appear upon an indictment in the Court of Justiciary, or the Old Bailey.

Whoever has visited Melrose Abbey, and examined its details with attention, will not deem this hope too vindictive. Its beauty chiefly lies in the exquisite finish of its ornaments, and the high state of preservation in which a sheltered position has kept the friezes and capitals. The forms are as clear, and their outlines as sharp, as if they had been cut in the eighteenth, instead of the fourteenth century. It is therefore obvious that the smallest morsel chipped from one of these beautifully-executed stone carvings destroys the whole figure, whether it be that of a human being or of a leaf. A lump from the shaft of a column, or the corner of an entablature, could better be spared. But

these do not satisfy our relic-hunting tourists: whilst they are robbing the house, they like to take away something worth carrying.

It is a sad blow to national pride to reflect, that the untameable propensity for defacing objects exposed in public places is almost peculiar to Great Britain. On the very first day that the ornamented walks of Windsor castle were thrown open to the public, the statues and shrubs were so defaced and damaged, that the privilege was instantly withdrawn. In the British Museum, the attendants of the sculpture saloons are obliged to be constantly on the watch, lest some 'John Smith' should have the impudence to pencil his name on the statue of Memnon, or deface the instep of Minerva with a coarse epigram. In Scotland, several articles of value have been stolen from Abbotsford by visitors. The tombstone of Burns's father in Alloway kirkyard was gradually nibbled away, and a new one substituted by subscription. In short, wherever we go, evidences of the propensity present themselves. Be it, however, remembered, that the humbler orders do not stand alone in this petty turpitude. As truly remarked by Sir Robert Peel in the debate on the question of throwing open certain royal palaces and public monuments for general inspection, the poorer classes offend less in this way than the 'vulgar rich.' Abroad, either in France or Germany, the wanton destruction of public property is seldom met with. To be sure, a much sharper supervision is maintained, and one does not move a step in any public place without being confronted by a policeman. But whatever the cause of the superior moral conduct of our continental neighbours, the fact is creditable to them.

In conclusion, let us hope that the Melrose Abbey depredators may be discovered and exposed. We express the hope, less from a desire to see the failings of tourists, or those of any other class of persons blazoned forth, than from a belief that such a punishment would operate in checking the practice. It is the custom of farmers to nail the skins of rats to their barn doors, from a supposition that the spectacle terrifies other rats, and prevents them from stealing the corn. In imitation of this practice, it may be found expedient, should the duke relent and once more open the abbey, to expose a list of those who have been convicted of the crime peculiar to tourists, as a warning to entrants not to do the same.

TWO DAYS ON LAGO MAGGIORE.

EARLY on the morning of the 5th of August 1843, a friend and myself found ourselves seated on the outside of a *velocifera* in the Corte della Posta at Milan, and indulging a vain regret that the city, its Duomo of white marble, its pictures and arches, would soon for us change from a reality to a remembrance. We were not long in discovering that our vehicle had as much right to the name it bore as it had to be called 'The Comfortable.' In movement, it was unequalled by the tardiest German *schnell-post*; and the necessity our seats imposed, of placing knees in neighbourly acquaintance with chins, was suggestive, upon sitting down, of aches and pains, which very soon were fearfully realised. I know not how many tedious hours were occupied by the journey, through a country, fertile and luxuriant to the last degree, which spreads itself on a dead level between Milan and the Lago Maggiore. There was little to attract attention by the way, and yet the road crosses the field of a great battle between those two renowned captains of elder time, Hannibal and Scipio. But battle plains, how much soever of interest they possess for historians and their students, lie inordinately flat before the eye of an actual visitor. I had much rather read of them than traverse them; unless, as in the present instance, they are directly in the route, and not to be avoided except by additional trouble; or unless there may have been some recent conflict, in which a personal, or at all events a national interest is involved, as at Waterloo. Battle fields, moreover, invariably disappoint a present spectator. Some chro-

nicle tells you of them afar off, and the inner eye instantly peoples them with crowding troops, whilst the ear catches, as it were from a great distance, the din of glorious war. But when you are upon them, what do you see and hear? Nothing more than a plain, devoted, like any other plain, to the common uses of agriculture, where the most you shall hear is the sighing of breezes amongst the grass. The poetry of the place has evaporated, and a dull reality is the residuum. You look at the particular spot where armies have met and contested for victory through the optic glass of fancy. By the shedding of blood, it has become separated with an imaginary line from the rest of the earth's surface, and has risen into an importance to which, locally, it is not entitled. To the mental eye, the air above is lurid—the ground torn, and trampled. But when the eye of flesh alights upon the scene, how changed, how different! The two hosts have drawn off, ages ago, from that mighty strife which is carried on in books to this hour; the place is in nowise distinguishable from the surrounding country, and daylight quietly illuminates everything within the compass of the horizon with one common lustre.

In passing along, we noticed a few upright stones by the wayside, each marked with its forlorn P. R.; and a little further, our thoughts on this grave subject ran appropriately enough against a tall cypress tree which stands at a turn of the road. It is pleasing to be informed that Napoleon caused the Simplon, which pushes forward elsewhere regardless of much more serious obstacles, to deviate a little, that this tree might be spared. Tradition declares that this identical cypress existed in the time of Julius Caesar; but its appearance does not confirm the tale. At Sesto Calende, where an end was put to the *Velocifera*, our passports were inspected by Austrian officers, and shortly afterwards we embarked on a small steamer with her prow towards the head of the Lago Maggiore. A 'blue breeze' from the mountains ruffled its surface, and gave animation to the scene, whilst the waters, stretching away before us, seemed to penetrate into the recesses of the snowy Alps. As we proceeded, the ruined castle of Angera crowned a rocky ridge on our right, and added the element of masculine grandeur to the effeminate softness of Italian scenery. At Arona, the vessel stopped to land and take in passengers. It is just behind Arona that the brazen statue of San Carlo Borromeo takes its colossal stand—an image sixty-six feet high, erected by subscription in 1697 in honour of a saint, once a famous personage in these parts, who was born in the town, to which he is here made to extend his hand, as if in the act of pronouncing a benediction. Ladders are placed in the interior, by means of which tourists well affected to hagiology and climbing, may ascend into the nose of the statue, provided they do not labour under the affliction of gout or corpulency. St Charles was archbishop of Milan, and his breviary is represented under his left arm.

On, on the steamer paddled; village after village spotted the shores, which grew more and more undulating as we advanced. Then the bay of Baveno opened out on the left, its surface diversified with the Borromean islets of European celebrity. The steamer stopped once more, whilst a boat hove to, into which we and our baggage were injected, and which then made towards one of those towns which we had seen glittering white on shore. Here our knapsacks were examined (for we had quitted the Austrian for the Sardinian territory); and that operation concluded, we launched in the direction of Baveno, a hamlet lying at the head of that broad indentation which makes one considerable compartment of the lake. Our course lay amongst the islands: the appearance of the Isola Madre attracted us in preference to the artificial and more celebrated Isola Bella. Having been without food since morning, we began to be conscious of an abstract quality which wise and simple agree in terming hunger; and if the Isola Bella had really been what one traveller compared it with, namely, a Perigord pie, it would have been impos-

sible to resist landing and cutting a huge slice thereout for the immediate satisfaction of our appetites. The island, however, appeared provokingly inedible, and in our haste we could only afford to cast a glance upon the exterior of the house standing upon it, which Gibbon, in 1747, called 'an enchanted palace, a work of fairies in the midst of a lake encompassed with mountains, and far removed from the haunts of men.' At an inn standing prettily on the edge of the water, we procured rest and refreshment, and then I sallied out alone. It was just the hour, and precisely one of the places at which we most wish to be unaccompanied, that the full stream of reverie, along which we are irresistibly borne, may flow on in undisturbed peace; that the flowers which fancy is then pleased to scatter around our path, may be gathered 'untalked of and unseen'; that the storied designs on the arras-work she loves to weave, may be gazed at and spelled over without reproof or fear of check. The hour was evening; the place Italy. The loveliness of the sky, tinted with colours such as are alone in the power of evening to let drop from her magic brush, was answered and contrasted by the loveliness of earth. The hills, terminating with a happy characteristic abruptness, broke out into rocks that were mossed over, adorned with flowers, and scattered with trees, exactly in the way that an artist would have desired. That was on one side; on the other, the lake extended like another sky, with islands here and there interrupting the blank level, like spots of cloud. The outline of the second tier of hills on the further side of the bay, was the most strangely jagged I ever beheld. If they should ever, in any repetition of the physical disturbances which have befallen our globe, be used as a saw, wo to the substance they come in contact with.

Wandering along in this idle mood for a mile or two, I came to some houses, where I engaged a boat to the *Isola Bella*. A few minutes sufficed to land me at the marble steps leading to the Count Borromeo's palace, a large pile, which, in spite of Gibbon, I will venture to say possesses no beauty but that of situation. Close upon its rear is a number of miserable huts, where some hundreds of poor people house themselves. The palazzo, though incomplete, contains several lofty, well-proportioned rooms, with floors of marble and painted ceilings. There are several pictures on the walls; but they are of little excellence, being of that stupid class styled *famili*, representing red-draped cardinals, ruffed courtiers, and rough warriors. There is a story of the dark Italian cast told of a painter, some of whose works are shown here. He was fitly named *Tempesta*; for the story goes that he was passion-tossed, and killed one wife for the purpose of taking another to his conjugal bosom. When pursued for the crime, he fled to this island, where he was protected by the then count. Beneath the grand apartments on the ground-floor there is a suite of rooms, decorated with Mosaic pavement, shell-work, and statuary, where the luxurious owner is accustomed to ice himself during the heat of summer. The present nobleman makes Milan his principal residence; though still wealthy, he has no longer a little empire in his hands. The twelve castles and the entire lake, which once belonged to his line, have passed in great part to other persons.

The gardens occupy the rest of the islet, and consist of no less than ten hollow terraces raised one above another. The fact is, that the island was formerly nothing but a bare rock. One of the Borromeos, having a taste for gardening, caused the spot to be doubled in size, by conveying an immense quantity of the richest earth from shore. A profusion of trees and plants were then procured, including a quantity of rare exotics. The effect of the whole, artificial as it strikes a stranger at first sight, is, as one wanders from terrace to terrace embellished with marble balustrades and sculpture, eminently beautiful. Instead of the culinary thought which Simond indulged in, I confess that when I saw the mingling of aloe and orange trees, myrtles, cactuses, and magnolias, and revelled in the perfumes which these

and other odoriferous shrubs diffused through the air, the words of Mignon's song came to my memory, and I caught myself involuntarily muttering—

Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?
Vom dunkeln Laub die Gold-orangen glühen.
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht.

[Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom—
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom—
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose?]

The whole is, in truth, a hanging garden of plants from the tropics, interspersed amongst those of northern climes, and a fine mist of delightful scents droops over all—a realisation of the fables of eastern magnificence. The vaults beneath the terraces are accessible, and, if you choose, you may walk into their cold dark recesses, whose only inhabitants are troops of bats. If you cast your eyes from this 'summer isle of Eden' into the world without, a glorious prospect is ready to greet them. In one direction the pellucid waters of the lake stretch towards Milan; in all the others the sinuosities of its margin are wildly romantic with bay and promontory; whilst, lifting your eyes, you perceive that mighty chain of snowy summits which severs the skies of Italy from the mists of the rest of Europe. Before quitting the place, a tall cedar is pointed out whereon Napoleon, in one of those 'whittling' moods especially patronised by schoolboys and Yankees, carved the word 'Battaglia,' just before Marengo was fought. Only a scar in the bark is visible, so that the tradition may have no greater amount of truth in it than the majority of *show tales*. There is a room in the palace where it is said Bonaparte slept. By the time I again stepped into the boat, the moon was shining from a speckled sky upon the lake and mountains, not with the chilly coldness of our English luminary, but with the glowing gaiety that became the Italian clime. I thought of that 'blessed moon' which once at Verona 'tipped with silver all the fruit tree tops,' and of twenty other pieces of romance that would look very silly if put down here. 'Last night,' said I, 'just at this hour, I was in Milan cathedral, and saw the moonlight streaming through the windows upon the marble floor; and now, beneath as bright a moon, I am upon Lago Maggiore!'

Next day my companion and I, instigated by the recommendation of the inn album, undertook to ascend Monteronte, a hill lying behind Baveno, but invisible from that place. The day was warm, and, by not taking the shortest cut, we found the ascent toilsome. Soon after quitting the inn, we struck into a belt of chestnut trees, that girdles the base of all the eminences, and obtained amongst the branches, as we ascended, many glimpses of the lake glittering in the morning sun. The side of the hill, almost all the way to the top, was bespattered at wide intervals with farm-houses and cottages, many of whose inhabitants were busy making their second crop of hay or tending cattle. The careful industry of the people, notwithstanding their reputation for do-nothing habits, was very observable. In the belt of wood through which we passed at an early period in our ascent, we saw streams carefully conducted down the declivities by channels of gentle curve, so as at once to prevent the ground being converted into a swamp, and to feed the grass with a suitable supply of moisture. This must have been a work of no slight labour, when the extent of ground, and the number of rivulets gushing out by hundreds, are taken into consideration. The result was, that the soil underneath the trees, instead of being arid and useless, as it is in every English forest, produced a fine crop of nutritious grass. Again, higher up, not only had care been taken to convey the water in courses best adapted to effect these purposes, but the drainings of each farm-yard were carried abroad by channels, so as to give the land an excellent manuring.

The views of the Mere below were inconceivably beautiful. As we approached the summit, island after island came out of its lurking-place into the lake, and

the adjacent cliffs were perpetually undergoing changes of form and attitude. But what could rival in united grandeur and beauty the prospect from the highest point? A series of snowy peaks bounded more than half the horizon. To the south, the eye ran over a vast plain, until stopped by a faint blue bar that indicated the Apennines, and in the midst of that plain the dome of Milan cathedral was just discernible. Here and there a distant glitter betrayed the errant propensity of two rivers, and one or two sheets of water that contributed to feed them, shone from far like plates of burnished metal. Turning westward, we beheld Monte Rosa, 'so named from roseate hues,' towering boldly upwards from amongst his radiant brethren, whilst between that lofty pinnacle and the verdant point on which we stood, the eye sunk into a vale which contained a lake about as large as our Windermere. This was the Lago d'Orta; its one little island tufted with trees, that half concealed a chapel. In the north, the Galgenstock, its broad bosom occupied by the snow and glacier which feed the Rhone, was conspicuous. A score of notches in the ridge-line indicated the principal passes. But the finest prospect of all was that towards the east, where almost the whole length of the Lago Maggiore lay beneath our feet with all its towns, villages, and towers; and amongst them the castle of Angera and town of Arona were not to be mistaken. That view was splendid beyond description, and I shall not ruffle the calm image of its beauty, that my memory in quiet moments loves to bend over, by wasting more words upon it.

The descent from the top was excessively fatiguing. Before reaching the bottom, we called at one of the farm-houses and procured a cup of rich milk from a large reservoir secreted from the sun's influence, and hence possessing a delicious coolness. We proceeded the same day by diligence up the Toccia valley to Vogogno. It was late when we reached that place, and yet there was ample time to make two discoveries; namely, that the village had the remains of what had once been a strong castle, and that the Simplon road, in pursuing its course of independence, had neglected the crooked, narrow, stony street, and struck out a new route for itself. Thus it happens that the casual traveller sees nothing of Vogogno; a loss he will not fret over, when he is told there is nothing to see.

WIENHOLT ON SOMNAMBULISM.

FIRST ARTICLE.

AMONG the numerous works which have recently appeared in this country on mesmerism and kindred subjects, there is none perhaps more deserving of attention than the translation of Wienholt's Lectures on Somnambulism, by Mr Colquhoun, the well-known advocate of animal magnetism. Dr Arnold Wienholt was a German physician, eminent in his profession, and of studious, scientific habits. He was born at Bremen in 1740, and died there in 1804. His Lectures on Somnambulism form only a portion, but the most important, of what he published on medico-magnetic subjects during his life. We shall endeavour to present our readers with an abstract of their contents.

Dr Wienholt thus describes the phenomenon which he is about to investigate. 'The sleep-walker, when otherwise healthy, falls at a particular period into a common sleep, which cannot be distinguished from the natural state of repose. After a longer or shorter time, he rises from his couch, and walks about the room, sometimes about the house. He frequently goes out into the open air, walks upon known or unknown paths, as quickly, and with as much activity and confidence, as in his waking state; avoids all obstacles which may stand, or have been designedly placed in his route, and makes his way along rugged paths, and climbs dangerous heights, which he would never have thought of attempting when awake. He reads

printed and written papers, writes as well and as correctly as in his waking state, and performs many other operations requiring light and the natural use of the eyes. All these actions, however, are performed by the somnambulist in complete darkness, and generally with his eyes firmly closed. When the period of his somnambulism has elapsed, he returns to bed, falls back again into his natural sleep, awakes at his usual time, and in most instances knows nothing of what he had done in the *sleep-waking state*.' Few somnambulists, he adds, exhibit all the above phenomena, most of them only walking about in their sleep, without speaking or performing any such delicate manual operations as writing and such-like. Still, the annals of medicine contain many well-authenticated instances of somnambulism of a very remarkable character. Of these a few are narrated by Wienholt, in order to form the groundwork of his inquiry.

One very striking case is that of a 'rope-maker who was frequently overtaken by sleep even in the daytime, and in the midst of his usual occupations. While in this state, he sometimes recommenced doing all that he had been engaged in during the previous part of the day. At other times he would continue the work in which he happened to be engaged at the commencement of the paroxysm, and finish his business with as great ease and success as when awake. When the fit overtook him in travelling, he proceeded on his journey with the same facility, and almost faster than when awake, without missing the road, or stumbling over anything. In this manner he repeatedly went from Naumburg to Weimar. Upon one of these occasions he came into a narrow lane, where there lay some timber. He passed over it regularly, without injury; and with equal caution and dexterity he avoided the horses and carriages which came in his way. At another time he was overtaken by sleep just as he was about to set out for Weimar on horseback. He rode through the river Ilme, allowed his horse to drink, and drew up his legs, to prevent them from getting wet; then passed through several streets, crossed the market-place, which was at that time full of people, carts, and booths; and arrived in safety at the house of an acquaintance, where he awoke. These, and many similar acts requiring the use of eyes, he performed in darkness as well as by daylight. His eyes, however, were firmly closed, and he could not see when they were forced open and stimulated by light brought near them. His other senses appeared to be equally dormant. He could not smell even the most volatile spirit. He felt nothing when pinched, pricked, or struck. He heard nothing when called by his name, nor even when a pistol was discharged close beside him.' A second case is that of a young girl between twelve and thirteen years of age, belonging to a family of distinction, who was afflicted with a violent nervous complaint, and, during her paroxysms, while her eyes were firmly closed, 'distinguished, without difficulty, all colours that were presented to her, recognised the numbers of cards, and the stripes upon those which were variegated, wrote in the same manner as usual, and cut figures in paper as she was accustomed to do in her waking state.' Another is that of a young man, a gardener, who used to rise from bed, go out of the house, clamber over walls, and even upon the roof of the house, uninjured, and who once, that a table was likely to fall upon him, contrived dexterously to evade it—all in a state of sleep.

A fourth case, mentioned by Wienholt, is that of a student who, during a severe nervous complaint, experienced several attacks of somnambulism. Upon these occasions he would go from his bed-room to his parlour, and back, open and shut the doors, as well as his closet, and take out of the latter whatever he wanted—pieces of music, pen, ink, and paper—and all with his eyes shut. From among his music he selected a march from the opera of Medea, laid the sheet in a proper situation before him, and having found the appropriate key, he played the whole piece

with his usual skill upon the harpsichord. In the same manner he also played one of Bach's sonatas, and gave the most expressive passages with surprising effect. One of the persons present turned the notes upside down: this he immediately perceived, and when he recommenced playing, he replaced the sheet in its proper position. While playing, he remarked a string out of tune, upon which he stopped, put it in order, and again proceeded. He wrote a letter to his brother, and what he wrote was not only perfectly rational, but straight and legible. While Professor Feder was on a visit to him one afternoon, the somnambulist observed that it was snowing, which was actually the case. On the same occasion, notwithstanding that his eyes were still completely closed, he remarked that the landlord of the opposite house was standing at the window, which was true; and that hats were hanging at the window of another room, which was also the fact. He opened Professor Feder's "Compendium of Logic and Metaphysics," and pointed out to him several passages which he thought interesting, as also some of his own written notes of the professor's lectures, in a volume which had been recently bound. He pointed out to another of his teachers the exact place where he had left off in his last theological lecture. It is a remarkable circumstance, however, that there were many things which he did not perceive. Thus, while writing to his brother, he did not observe that there was no more ink in the pen, and continued to write on.

Another of the cases referred to by Wienholt is one observed by the archbishop of Bordeaux, and reported first in the French Encyclopedia. A young ecclesiastic in the same seminary with the archbishop 'was in the habit of getting up during the night in a state of somnambulism, of going to his room, taking pen, ink, and paper, and composing and writing sermons. When he had finished one page of the paper on which he was writing, he would read over what he had written, and correct it. On one occasion he made use of the expression *ce divin enfant*. In reading over the passage, he changed the adjective *divin* into *adorable*. Perceiving, however, that the pronoun *ce* could not stand before the word *adorable*, he added to the former the letter *t*. In order to ascertain whether the somnambulist made any use of his eyes, the archbishop held a piece of pasteboard under his chin, to prevent him from seeing the paper on which he was writing; but he continued to write on, without appearing to be incommoded in the slightest degree. The paper on which he was writing was taken away, and other paper laid before him; but he immediately perceived the change. He wrote pieces of music while in this state, and in the same manner with his eyes closed. The words were placed under the musical notes. It happened upon one occasion that the words were written in too large a character, and did not stand precisely under the corresponding notes. He soon perceived the error, blotted out the part, and wrote it over again with great exactness.

Having thus given a few of the best authenticated examples of somnambulism then known, Dr Wienholt proceeds, in his subsequent lectures, to examine the various theories most commonly offered in explanation of such striking facts, long familiar to medical men and physiologists.

The first hypothesis which he examines is that supported by Hoffmann, Haen, and Haller, and prevalent in the first half of the eighteenth century; namely, that in somnambulism no use at all is made of the organ of vision, but that all the phenomena are to be attributed to the operation of the imagination of the somnambulist, assisted by the sense of touch. According to this hypothesis, the somnambulist 'has in his mind a perfect picture, comprehending even the most minute details of his previous experience, of the way he has to traverse, of the known locality of certain apartments, streets, roofs of houses, &c.;' and as he proceeds through these images of his own mind, the sense of touch steers him

clear of every obstacle. But, argues Dr Wienholt very justly, supposing the possibility of such a perfect picture or recollection of the whole scene he was to traverse in the mind of the somnambulist, and supposing, also, that the sense of touch may be awake, how happens it that the actions of the somnambulist always correspond so exactly in point of time with external objects? If a man with his eyes bandaged enter the same room, let the picture of it, and the arrangement of the furniture in it, be never so familiar to him, two or three paces forward will confuse him; the picture of the room may still remain distinct in his mind, but he will not know *whereabouts in the picture* he is. None of this helplessness or hesitation, however, is observed in the somnambulist. He proceeds as confidently and boldly as he does in his waking state; nor, in doing so, does he commit mistakes. It will not do to suppose an increase of susceptibility in the sense of touch or in the other senses, for this increase never takes place except in consequence of long practice; whereas somnambulists conduct themselves as perfectly in their first sleep as in their tenth or twentieth. But supposing the sense of touch sufficient to pilot the somnambulist past obstacles which he had distinctly conceived beforehand, how would it pilot him past obstacles purposely placed in his way at the moment, or how would it pilot him in places perfectly strange to him?

The next hypothesis which Dr Wienholt examines, resembles the one just discussed. It is, that somnambulism is a middle state between sleeping and waking, in which the somnambulist is dreaming, while at the same time his senses and his will are completely, or to a great extent, active. The somnambulist, intermingling the phantasms of his dream with the perceptions of his senses, conducts himself strangely, but yet accurately, so far as external objects are concerned. All his senses, sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell, are as active as when he is awake, or nearly so; and the only difference between him and a man completely awake is, that he is absorbed in a dreamy train of thought. In opposition to this theory, Wienholt argues that, so far from somnambulism being a half-sleep, all the symptoms of the most profound sleep are exhibited by the somnambulist, even in an exaggerated degree; as if somnambulism were something farther removed from the ordinary waking state than sleep is. The most intense light produces no impression upon the eyes of somnambulists, pistol-shots no impression upon their ears; nay, they do not feel pain when they are struck or pricked. Yet, while all their organs of sense are thus dormant, they conduct themselves as if they saw, heard, felt, smelt, and tasted perfectly well. If, as is natural, people should still insist that the somnambulist sees by his eye in the ordinary way, it must be supposed either that his eye is not completely closed, or that he opens it imperceptibly at intervals. But allowing, for the moment, either of these suppositions to be true, neither would be found sufficient. 'When the eyelids are nearly closed, we see only the small circle which more immediately surrounds us, and even this, in consequence of the small quantity of light which can enter the eye, only faintly illuminated; and this circle vanishes when the eyelids become united. But the somnambulist requires visual perceptions of distant as well as of near objects; he requires, in those perilous operations which he performs with such ease and rapidity—in his running, leaping, dancing, climbing, &c.—rather stronger and more lively perceptions than usual; which the supposition of a small part of the pupil only being uncovered would not afford him. Add to this, that these perambulations are undertaken chiefly during the night, not only in moonlight, but in complete darkness, when, to be of any service at all, the eye would require to be opened more widely than usual. Suppose, then, that the somnambulist has his eyes shut, but opens them now and then, so as to receive as much information as he requires; in this case the opening must be the result either of pure chance, or of some impres-

sion from without; if the former, the opening of his eyes would be of no use to the somnambulist, because he might receive visual impressions when he had no need for them, and be deprived of them at the very instant when they were most necessary; and if the latter, some hesitation would be observed on the part of the somnambulist, as he felt the influence of the impediment which obliged him to open his eyes. But the somnambulist 'is never observed to hesitate in his progress, to meet with difficulties, or to rectify his proceedings. He conducts himself, and continually acts, just as he would do if he possessed the complete use of his eyes.'

The supposition that the somnambulist sees with his eyes as in the ordinary waking state, is set at rest by an examination of the eyes of somnambulists. The eyes of persons in this state are either completely closed or very wide open; there is no medium. 'If we examine the eyes of somnambulists whose eyelids are closed, the following circumstances appear. If we attempt to draw their eyelids asunder, we meet with resistance. The antagonist muscles of those which usually keep the eyes open, act strongly in opposition to our efforts, and the latter are at rest. The eye can be opened only to the extent of one-half. When this takes place, the apple of the eye is perceived to be turned upwards towards the internal angle, and we see only the margin of the iris peeping from under the upper eyelid, and remaining immovable in the same place. The approach of light to the eye does not occasion the slightest change. There is no winking of the eyelids, no expression of feeling, when the light is brought ever so near to the half-opened eye. One somnambulist exhibited no sign of sensibility when a candle was brought so close to his eye that his eyebrows were singed by it.' This insensibility of the eyes, however, is best exhibited by those somnambulists whose eyes are open. 'A young lady, during a severe nervous complaint, fell into paroxysms, during which she walked about the sick-room. Her eyes were wide open, and appeared to be quite insensible. Savages, who suspected deception, made use of several means of ascertaining the truth. In vain did he unexpectedly aim a blow at her with his hand; she made no effort to evade it, nor did she interrupt her discourse, and the eyelids did not move in the slightest degree. He held spirit of hartshorn before her eye, moistened a feather with it, and applied it to the cornea; suddenly touched one of the eyeballs with his finger; nay, at last he held a lighted candle so close to her open eye, that her eyelashes were burnt. During this insensibility of her eyes she rose from her bed, walked about the room, kept the middle way between the bedsteads as well as she could have done when awake, turned round at the proper time, did not once stumble against anything, although several things were placed in her way; and all this she did without touching the objects.'

There is only one plausible argument, says Dr Wienholt, which can still be had recourse to in support of the idea that it is through the ordinary medium of the senses that the somnambulist receives his knowledge of external things. This argument is embodied in the ingenious theory of somnambulism started by Dr Darwin in his *Zoonomia*. It supposes that the somnambulist's sensual organs are open to impressions as in the waking state; but that his mind is so absorbed by a dreamy train of ideas, that only such impressions are conveyed to it by the senses, as harmonise and fit in with that train of ideas. Thus, a very loud noise may excite not the least attention on his part, because he cannot incorporate it with what is passing in his mind; whereas, on the other hand, a very slight sound may throw him into a state of agitation, because it instantly and naturally falls in with the course of his dream. This hypothesis is not without some plausibility. It is observed, for instance, that extremely absent persons, like Newton or Adam Smith, pursuing some train of thought, are insensible to all impressions foreign from the subject they are occupied with; but that the moment any re-

mark is made, or any incident occurs, bearing on the subject of their thoughts, they instantly clutch at it, as it were, thankfully, and incorporate it with the current of their ideas.

To this hypothesis of Darwin, Wienholt objects that it is totally gratuitous, and at variance with all ascertained facts respecting somnambulism, particularly with the fact of the immobility of the pupil of the eye in somnambulists whose eyelids are open. 'There is no doubt,' he says, 'that an individual may occupy himself so profoundly and so constantly with one particular train of ideas, that other objects falling within the sphere of his senses are not perceived. But what a difference between this state and that of which we are now speaking! In the case of a person in a reverie, there is manifestly no organic change in the eye; in the case of a somnambulist, there is a very remarkable and permanent change. Again, the sensations which are not remarked by persons in a reverie, are sensible impressions of the usual kind. But let unexpected sensations of a particular kind, affecting the nerves in an unusual degree, be produced, as, for instance, by a sudden flash of lightning, a violent clap of thunder, a musket discharged in the neighbourhood, shaking the body, powerful excitement of the skin, &c. they would certainly, however deep the abstraction, occasion an immediate awakening.' Not so, however, in the case of somnambulists. Many other objections are urged by Wienholt to the same effect, the last of which is the most decisive. Whatever value the Darwinian hypothesis might be supposed to have, he says, in explaining cases of somnambulism with the eyes open, it is totally inapplicable to all those cases in which the eyes are shut; and these are probably the most numerous.

Having thus discussed and exploded the various theories entertained by the physiologists of his time respecting somnambulism, Dr Wienholt proceeds to state his own belief on the subject; but this we must reserve for another article.

BOOKBINDING.

BOOKBINDING may be said to have been coeval with the art of writing books, though at first the covers were cases of wood, stone, and earthenware. Catullus has described the general style of binding in his time, and we have the testimony of Aquila and Lambert Bos, that the titles were written or worked on the outside. There was often some degree of splendour about the bindings of Greece and Rome. Philition, an Athenian, was the inventor of glue for bookbinding.

In England, the art was first practised by the monks. There was a room in religious houses called the *scriptorium*, for the purpose of writing and binding books, and grants were made to provide skins for covers, &c. Many missals and other books exist, which exhibit the splendour of the bindings fabricated in these establishments. It was the sacrist's duty to put bindings and clasps to the holy manuscripts. The British Museum library contains the *Testus Sancti Cuthberti*, bound by Bilfrid, a monk of Durham, about A.D. 720. Herman, Bishop of Salisbury in 1080, was a writer, illuminator, and binder of books. Henry, a monk of Hyde Abbey in 1178, used not only to bind books, but to form the brazen bosses of them. The bindings were frequently adorned with elegant devices. In the British Museum is a manuscript gospel in its original wooden binding, with ivory-carved ornaments. Other specimens are embellished with rubies, diamonds, sapphires, and silver. Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, Sir John Fastolf, and other persons of rank, had their arms engraved on the clasps of their books. Numbers of the books of the church constructed in early times were protected with brass corners, bosses, and bands. The usual materials for common works were wood covers and deer-skin. A line in Pope's *Dunciad* conveys a good idea of the substantial bindings of antiquity—

There Caxton sleeps, and Wymkyn at his side,
One clasped in wood, and one in strong cow-hide.

Long before the invention of printing, books were bound also in calf-skin, coloured cloth, velvet, &c. After the

invention of printing, they were chiefly bound in parchment, or forrel, velvet, velum, calf, and morocco. The old English poet Skelton has left us a description of the splendid bookbinding in his time; and the German traveller Hentzner has described the bindings which he saw in the royal library of England in 1598. Queen Elizabeth loved to have her books splendidly bound, and there are rich specimens which belonged to her and James I. in the British Museum. Her Golden Manual of Prayers was bound in solid gold, and she had other books bound in silver, enriched with precious stones. Queen Mary, Lady Jane Gray, Queen Elizabeth, and many other ladies, were in the habit of working embroidered ornaments on the silk and damask covers of their books.

Some whimsicality is occasionally displayed in the choice of the material in which a book is bound. In a bookseller's catalogue, we read of a Latin copy of Apuleius's Golden Ass (1501) bound in ass's-skin. The Duke of Roxburghe's library contained a collection of pamphlets respecting Mary Toft, the rabbit-woman of Godalming, Surrey, bound in rabbit-skin; and the Hon. George Napier had a work relating to the celebrated dwarf Jeffrey Hudson bound in a piece of Charles I.'s silk waistcoat. Mordaunt Cracherode, the father of the celebrated book-collector of that name, wore one pair of buckskin breeches exclusively during a voyage round the world; and a volume in his son's collection, now added to the library of the British Museum, is bound in a part of these circumnavigating and memorable mentionables. As a binding for sporting books, nothing can be more appropriately pretty than the fallow-deer skin; while for young ladies' albums, nothing can surpass the superfine *not-me-tangere* skin of the hedgehog. Often have hog-skin and fox-skin been used for bindings; human skin only rarely.

London bookbinders are unrivalled for their elegant leather bindings. The cheap, neat, and substantial cloth-binding, now so common, was first commenced on a large scale by Mr Pickering.

Authors' notions of neatness may be partly conceived, according to the taste they display in their bindings. Thus Gibbon, a dandy in dress, was a dandy in bindings; while Dr Johnson, somewhat of a sloven, had a ragged regiment of rough calf-skin books, which he could toss about with savage carelessness, and complained, when he borrowed a book from Stephens, that it was too well bound. On the other hand, Adam Smith, who was plain and unpretending in his own exterior, indulged in an elegant library. 'I am only a beau,' he used to say, 'in my books.' From two passages in Shakespeare, we may infer that he held that fine works should have fine bindings, and that bad works should be bound only in the commonest style—

How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up.—*Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound.—*Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 3.

Dibdin says, in his *Literary Reminiscences*, that 'the binding of the Harleian Library (chiefly in red morocco) cost Lord Oxford £18,000.'

When a deputation from the university of Cambridge announced to Lord Burghley, their chancellor, an intention of presenting a book to Queen Elizabeth on her visit to Audley End, he cautioned them that 'the book must have no savour of spyke, which commonly bookbinders do seek to make their books savour well; for that her majesty could not abide such a strong scent.' Bookbinders probably had recourse to scents to preserve their books; for it is a known fact, that a few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mouldiness and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch tree, never moulds; and merchants suffer large sales of this article to lie in the London docks in the most careless manner, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp.

COAL.

What so important in the actual condition of the world as this extraordinary mineral, coal—the staff and support of present civilisation, the great instrument and means of future progress! The very familiarity and multiplicity of its uses disguise from observation the important part it bears in the life of man and the economy of nations. We have often thought, with something of fearful interest, what would be the condition of the world, and of England

in particular, were this subterranean treasure exhausted, or even much abridged in quantity. Yet such is the term to which, if the globe itself should last, our posterity must eventually come; and as respects our own country, the period, at the present rate of consumption, can be defined with some exactness. The immense coal-basins of the Ohio and Mississippi will yet be yielding their richness to the then innumerable people of the western world, when our stores are worked out and gone. Yet here also time will fix its limit. Geology gives no indication whatsoever of natural processes going on by which what is once consumed may be recreated or repaired. The original materials of the formation may be said to be no longer present; the agencies and conditions necessary to the work are either wanting, or partial and deficient in force. Whether human science, grasping at this time what seem almost as new elements of power committed to man, may hereafter discover a substitute for this great mineral, is a problem which it belongs to future generations to solve.—*Quarterly Review*.

JEROME'S CLOCK FACTORY.

The following account of a visit to the clock manufactory of Mr Jerome at Newhaven, in one of the New England states, is given by a correspondent in an American paper:— 'Curiosity to examine his works, and the process of making a clock, led us to pay a visit to this establishment. Mr Jerome, on being informed of the nature of the call, very politely showed us through the whole of his extensive works. On entering, our ears were greeted with the mingled hum and buzz of saws, the thunder of two powerful steam-engines, and the clatter of machinery. Our attention was first drawn to the sawing works, by which the cases are cut out and fitted as if by magic. Boards in the rough state are cut in proper lengths for the front, sides, top, and bottoms of cases. These are again subject to the action of finer saws, and cut in perfect order for being matched and put together; and this alone, of all the woodwork about a clock, is smoothed, or in any way remodelled, after being cut from the unplanned timber. The veneering, which is principally of mahogany, rosewood, and black walnut, is taken, after being glued to the different parts composing the case, to a room set apart for the purpose, in which are employed at this branch some eight or ten hands, and there receives an even surface, and six coats of varnish, which, when finished, will compare in elegance with the finest articles of furniture in the cabinet warerooms of our city. The movements are all cut in proper forms and sizes by dies, with great precision and rapidity, even to the pivot-holes in the plates, which have before been drilled. The cogs in the wheels, the second, minute, and hour stops, are grooved out by the same rapid and skilful process. The post, pins, and smaller pieces of the inside work are turned from the more rough material, polished, and finished at the same time, while the plate and wheels are cleansed and polished by rinsing first in a strong solution of aqua-fortis, and then in pure water. We cannot describe minutely the whole process of making a clock, or the life-like movement of the machinery; it would take more time and space than we can at present devote to this purpose. In short, the case, movements, plates, face, &c. which, when put together, form one of Jerome's celebrated "brass clocks," go through some fifty different hands before being completed. One man can put together about seventy-five movements per day; while every part, from the first process to the finishing, goes on with equal rapidity. Mr Jerome informed us that he anticipates making this year fifty thousand clocks, and these are to be turned out by some seventy-five hands. This may seem a large number of clocks to be made in a year by so small a number of workmen; but, after witnessing the perfection of the machinery, the systematic equalisation of each department of labour, the almost incredible despatch and precision of the whole arrangement, it is easily accounted for. Machinery, in this instance, is made to take the place of physical and mental labour, and to do what has hitherto been considered as capable of execution only by the genius of man, assisted by numerous and skilfully-used tools. He yearly consumes of the various articles used in the manufacture of clocks the following enormous quantities:— 500,000 feet pine timber; 200,000 feet mahogany and rosewood veneers; 200 tons of iron for weights; 100,000 lbs. of brass; 300 casks of nails; 1500 boxes glass, 50 feet per box; 1500 gallons varnish; 15,000 lbs. wire; 10,000 lbs. glue; 30,000 looking-glass plates. 2400 dollars are paid

yearly for printing labels, and for screws, saws, coal, and oil: workmen employed, 75; paid wages yearly, 50,000 dollars; clocks made per day, 200; per year, 50,000. Little, doubtless, did Mr Terry, the inventor and first maker of a Yankee wooden clock, dream, when he whittled out the movements of his first production in the clock line with a penknife, and afterwards served his customers with a clock, unceasing, from his saddle-bags, that in a few years an article constructed on the same plan, though of different material, would be manufactured at one establishment to the extent of fifty thousand in the year. But Yankee ingenuity and enterprise stop at no point where a penny can be turned to advantage, or so long as the offspring of his genius finds a demand in the market at a living profit.'

THE FARMERS OF BELGIUM.

The farmers of Belgium are a hard-working class of men—in the habit of labouring their farms, and generally ignorant of every other subject but their profession. But in it truly they show rare sagacity and experience; and though unaided by, and almost despising the light of science, they discover in some parts of their system of agriculture a perfection to which science has never yet guided the farmers of this or any other country. When we look back to the ancient grandeur of Belgium, when its cities were the marts and factories of Europe, and consider the consequent increase of population in a country naturally unproductive, we will discover a sufficient stimulus to excite the energies of a people gifted by nature with an indomitable perseverance and unwearied industry. This disposition, as well as its effects—their agriculture—has been handed down to the present generation of farmers, and still manifests itself in many operations which the negligent farmer would consider unprofitable, or at least superfluous; and it is from this praiseworthy industry that Belgium, comparatively a poor country, is considered by strangers as unrivalled in the salubrity of its climate and the fertility of its soil, and that the great part of the kingdom is prevented from returning to its original barrenness.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

FAIRIED MELODY OF THE DYING SWAN.

The melody ascribed to the dying swan has long been well known to exist only in the graceful mythology of the ancients; but as few opportunities occur of witnessing the bird's last moments, some interest attaches to Mr Waterton's personal observations on this point, which we can ourselves corroborate, having not long since been present at the death of a pet swan, which, like Mr Waterton's favourite, had been fed principally by hand; and, instead of seeking to conceal itself at the approach of death, quitted the water, and lay down to die on the lawn before its owner's door. 'He then left the water for good and all, and sat down on the margin of the pond. He soon became too weak to support his long neck in an upright position. He nodded, and then tried to recover himself; he nodded again, and again held up his head; till at last, quite enfeebled and worn out, his head fell gently on the grass, his wings became expanded a trifle or so, and he died while I was looking on. * * Although I gave no credence to the extravagant notion which antiquity had entertained of melody from the mouth of the dying swan, still I felt anxious to hear some plaintive sound or other, some soft inflection of the voice, which might tend to justify that notion in a small degree. But I was disappointed. * * He never even uttered his wonted cry, nor so much as a sound to indicate what he felt within.'—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

TRUTH'S PROGRESS.

When a great truth is to be revealed, it does not flash at once on the race, but dawns and brightens on a superior understanding, from which it is to emanate and to illuminate future ages. On the faithfulness of great minds to this awful function, the progress and happiness of men chiefly depend. The most illustrious benefactors of the race have been men who, having risen to great truths, have held them as a sacred trust for their kind, and have borne witness to them amidst general darkness, under scorn and persecution, perhaps in the face of death. Such men, indeed, have not always made contributions to literature, for their condition has not allowed them to be authors; but we owe the transmission, perpetuity, and immortal power of their new and high thoughts to kindred spirits, who have concentrated and fixed them in books.—*Channing.*

MY GRAVE.

[The following verses are given by the *Dublin Nation* as one of the earliest pieces which came from the pen of its late editor, Thomas Davis, Esq., whose sudden and unexpected decease has lately taken place.]

SHALL they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me
Under the greenwood tree?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,
Or under the shade of cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where countless thousands lie under the ground—
Just as they fall they are buried so?
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf; put no tomb-stone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
'He served his country, and loved his kind.'

Oh! 'twere sweet unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

CURIOUS GOLD CARRIERS.

Sir James Campbell (of Ardkinglas) relates in his memoirs that while at Zante, one of the Ionian Islands, he observed a curious fact relative to the small Barbary pigeons. At a certain period of the summer they arrive in incredible numbers from, it is supposed, the African coast. 'If so, their flight must be amazingly rapid, as they arrive in excellent condition, and very fat. It is certain at least that they come from a country where gold is produced, as I had an opportunity of proving by personal observation. I remarked that numbers of them had particles of sand sticking to their feet, which were sometimes pellucid, and generally glittering. I had some of this sand collected, spread upon paper, and carefully analysed, when I ascertained that the result produced a considerable proportion of gold. Birds of passage probably drink immediately before setting out on their migration, and the aureous particles were probably brought down by some stream which must have passed through a country impregnated with the metal which is the object of such universal pursuit.'

ROADSIDE FENCES.

Let any one take a ride about the outskirts of London, the seat of so much wealth and refinement, and he will presently observe fences on the roadside, half dead, half alive, patched in many places with brushwood, full of weeds and rubbish, and resting upon a foundation at least four times wider than a rightly-constructed fence requires. Around provincial towns it is the same; close to the outlets, where in general the finest buildings are erected, stands many an old irregular fence full of nettles, docks, and other herbage, presenting anything but an appearance in keeping with the trimly-kept grounds of a suburban villa. Our roads are, in general, well kept; and if they were bounded with fences at all in character with them, the suburbs of our cities and towns would assume something of the air and neatness observable in a pleasure-ground. More of a garden-like character would be diffused, and though the appearance thus introduced would be perhaps less picturesque, it would at any rate bespeak a more refined and careful taste.—*Grigor's Prize Essay.*

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